

I'm FiNe

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Summary: I'm okay, I'm perfectly fine, and nothing is wrong...

(warning this contains self harm, swearing and a bit of author raging at the end)

I'm FiNe

****Hey, it's been a while. Sorry I guess, been a little busy. Good news :) I'm getting professional help so hopefully I'll start getting better soon. I wrote this in class because I was feeling a bit (extremely) down and it's so much better to turn it into something others might enjoy. This is in fact what I go through every night so it's not like I sucked it out of my thumb. ****

****Enjoy****

"I'm okay, I'm perfectly fine and nothing is wrong." I repeated the words once again as I did every night. And it just keeps getting harder and more unconvincing each time. I'm surprised that it isn't already automatic. I repeat these words as the warm, shining droplets of water glide over my cheeks.

I repeat the words as I struggle to breathe because my chest is pulling so tight and every movement hurts like a burning pain.

I repeat these words as my rapidly shaking hand moves slowly above my leg while it presses the familiar silver down on my soft paper skin.

It burns, oh it burns so much, but it's okay. Because this is normal, everybody hurts themselves right? My vision blurs away completely and my breathing becomes even more erratic as the long, thin, perfect line finally comes to a stop and the blade lifts from cutting into my skin. "Nothing's wrong... I'm fine... I'm fine... I want to be fine."

The crimson, ruby blood beads up and makes a stunning dotted line across my leg. The burning has stopped. My blade lays unmoving next to me. My breathing becomes shallow as I take my finger and ghost it over the other hundreds of cuts across my body.

"This is alright." I take a cloth and clean the blood up, I hide my razor and make sure none of my red liquid is left behind. They burn as the fabric of my gi glides over them. I can only hope that they don't bleed through the clothing.

"Son, hurry up or you'll be late for training."

"I'll be right out."

I spare one more glance at the shaggy blonde hair, green and broken eyes, pale skin and scrawny body.

"I'm fine."

"I'm perfectly fine."

"and nothing is wrong."

**Okay, hope you like that. I was listening to Panic! At the disco while typing this out. **

(**(Added note)**)**Okay, this was added like a few hours later, I'm feeling very suicidal right now and I don't give a shit about what anyone says. Hopefully I'll die and I won't have to deal with this eating feeling anymore. Have a great day everybody, maybe I won't die and you'll get another update, cause I'm sure that's what you're all concerned about right? Update my stories, who gives a fuck if the author is killing herself. Meh, you're not all like that I'm sure but right now I don't give a fucking flying shit. **

Bye bye

End
file.